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Burleſque.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, MDCLXIX.

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THe Towns of *Seſtus* and *Abidus* ſtood
As near to one another as they cou'd;
For ſpightfull *Helleſpont* ſtill 'tween them ran,
Of whoſe outragiouſneſs you'l hear anon:
Yet that they ſtill communicated, note,
By floating Bridge now call'd a Ferry-boat,

Which if this year lay on *Abidus's* ſide,
The next to *Seſtian* Duck was to be ty'd;
For Senates ſage of both Towns cou'd agree
By turns to be the Maſters of the Sea:
But always when *Abidus* had the Boat,
The State, and it had but the ſame Pylot;
A ſhrewd old Swabber with a neck a tight,
And evermore inclined to the right;
His fellow Burgers ſage remark, and cauſe
Why he was choſen fiſher of the Laws:
Beſides the ſcituation of his ears
They ſaw was ſuch, no trayt'rous whiſperers
Could eaſily approach them, one was ſtill
Prickt up to heaven to receive her will,
T'other did earthward lop, good man, with pain
To hear the needy, and oppreſs'd complain.

But

But when you know his Education, you'l
Allow the man in all points fit to rule.
He was brought up to danger, and to rapin,
Dabled ith'ſea, and with a line, and a pin,
Which the young Urchin cunningly wou'd crook,
With fly, or worm diſguiſe it then, and rook
The Ocean of her fiſh; for e're a Swabber
He was a Sprat-catcher, or good Eele-bobber.
Alcides when a whuleing piſs-abed
By Poets (if you'l truſt 'em) hath been ſed
Over a thumping Adder to prevail;
This little Rogue cou'd hold an Eele by th'tail:
And with his ſtrength his art increas'd, was able
Soon well to ſteer a Skiff, and graſp a Cable,
Cou'd tack about, ſhift ſails, wheadle the wind,
And make it come before him, or behind:

Knew where the rocks did ly, & ſneaking ſhelves,
And places where bold men might drown themſelves;
Kenn'd Storms far off, knew whether they had more
A mind to come to Sea, or ſtay a ſhore:
But to be ſhort, and plain, he knew as well
The Sea, as Beggar doth his Diſh, cou'd tell
What the leaſt Cockle did in's ſhell, and gueſs
How many arms length where 'twas bottomleſs;
Such was the man for ſway, you'l think him now
Worthy as Roman newly ta'ne from Plow:
Yet know his praiſes I have not begun,
Fine Gentleman *Leander* was his Son,
With whoſe moſt gen'rous inclination he
To's coſt (few Fathers doe ſo) did agree,

And

And bound him Prentice to a worthy Barber,
The beſt, not ſuch another in the harbour,
Unleſs our poor *Leander* had liv'd to't
Moſt probable opinion to confute.
He was ſo handy, nimble, tight, ſo neat
In's perſon, and his implements compleat:
His Towels, like his ſkin, were white, and fine,
Nought but his face his baſon could out-ſhine;
So pickt, ſo waſh't his Combes of Ivory,
Unleſs his teeth their whiteneſs nought came nigh,
With others that were made of horn, or box,
He often wou'd compare his golden locks; (play,
With whom (if none had too much beard) he'd
And innocently ſport out half the day;
But when you did ſit down, with ſuch a grace
Handled your throat, your ears, your noſe, your face,

Tickled

Tickled where others pain; Maids who did eye him
Wiſh'd themſelves Satyrs to be trimmed by him:
Cou'd dive into the channels of your brain,
And with a feat dexterity make plain
The paſſage, though before 'twas nere ſo rough,
Yet with leſs pain to you, then taking ſnuff;
For he wore nails as long as bill of Bittern,
For that to ſcrape teeth, and to play on Cittern;
Nay he had all good qualities, cou'd tye
A Cuff-String, or Crevat ſo jantyly:
With all had conſcience, and for copper ſpanker
Wou'd make Sea-faring beard look like an anchor.
For's mettle, and agility, with which
Writers are bound their Heroes to inrich;
I muſt confeſs I can't ſay much, but know
For certain he could crindge, and bow full low.

For

For throwing of the Bar he never car'd,
Cudgels, nor wreſtling, that I ever heard,
Or any bruſh ſports, which make men wrangle;
On Holy-days he went alone to angle;
Lov'd ſwimming well, and ſwam like any Duck;
But where moſt ſkill there ever is leaſt luck:
And Arts, like women after a long wooing,
Oft ſhame our induſtry, and prove undoing.
Now towe me Muſe o're to the other ſide,
Where moſt egregious *Hero* did abide;
You ſacred Dame I mean who once did ſteer
The proſp'rous praiſe of great *Magnanos* dear;
If you have any time, help me aſhore
With *Heros* commendation, and though poor
I am, in ſocket trimm'd with bayes I ſwear,
I'll tall ruſh candle to thy glory rear;

Which

Which likewiſe may as *Pharo* ſerve to light
Your groaping Orators, when it is night,
Throughout *Parnaſſus*; come 'tis as folks ſay,
Who'd have his buſineſs done, muſt bribe, not pray.
What do you pauſe at now? I know as Muſe
To ſcorn good wages was your ſimple uſe;
With me hang not an arſe: *Hero* then was
A bonny buxom bounſing *Seſtian* Laſs,
Of all the Grecian Girls the very Flower,
Liv'd at the Towns end at the ſign of Tower,
With her own Mother a large hearted woman,
Whoſe houſe to merry Greeks was alway common;
A comely Widow, and had long been ſo,
For th'oldeſt in the town did never know
The Father of fine *Hero*, whence diſputes
That ſome Sea-god diſguis'd in fiſhing boots

Did

Did catch her on the shore, & there did strand her,
And so contriv'd a Mistress for *Leander.*
But whether so, or no, or how it was,
She grew too great for Mortal to embrace,
And haughtily did stave off many proffers,
Resolv'd to keep the Keys of her own Coffers,
And scorn'd to be with any a yoke-fellow,
Or to admit competitor of pillow,
But kept the Empire of her bed to cough,
Snore, belch, break wind, and no one shou'd cry
foh:
And hows'ere Love, and Lover did contrive it,
The cunning willful Widow did not wive it,
Unless she practis'd secret Matrimony,
For licence but for wine she had not any,
But what of that? I warrant she was wise
Enough to keep her self from Church Excise.

Was

Was *Here* not in spight of all the Clergy in
Sestus, and what they all cou'd do, a Virgin
And to her Mother was but young, yet cou'd
Some say as much as she, nay much more did
Within-doors, and long of her complaisance
It was, her mothers liquor had good utterance.
For she was still in motion, now i'th' Garret,
And strait down in the Cellar drawing Clarret;
Hasty as lightning she wou'd skip the stairs,
If we or did oppose her unawares;
Wou'd bolt into the room like startled Cunny,
But still dropt at the door due Ceremony;
Then trumpt out, Gentlemen what d' you lack ---
When strait she's answer'd with a bob, or smack;
But some one rising, in her ear doth tell her,
She answers him aloud, the best i'th' Cellar;

He

He follows down, and broaches where he will,
But with a gentle caution not to spill.
She made, and unmade beds most nimblely,
Not like her Dames, hers was a slim-belly:
And now and then, with her sweet company
Cou'd satisfy gay guest for lodging high;
His vageing bowels supper should not miss,
For she cou'd stay a stomack with a kiss:
At coming in and out cou'd complement
The guests, and give 'am marvelous content,
For truly she well spoken damsel was,
Like favrite Advocate brought all to pass
And not as foolish Maids with nature nice,
But boldly us'd her own good qualities
Not only for herself, but others sake,
Cou'd break mad ranting Girls to th'marriage yoke.

To

To bashful, or dumb Lovers she was common,
And publick mouth, or as we say, Spokes-woman:
In other terms a Maidenhead-enabler,
A Wife, or as it were a Wife-procurer:
For in old Grecian Writ it manifest is,
Hero had Orders, and was *Venus* Priestess.
At once she drew, and answer'd Lovers pleas,
'Tween them she made, and carry'd messages,
Hagler of *there entries*, and did supply,
For modest gain, humane necessity:
But needy folks for nothing would relieve;
And still of her own store was free to give:
She was, I vow and swear, as good a creature
As ever wore bright Symptoms of good nature:
Loves Cobweb, or his net, or golden fleece,
As Poets say, who can choose Mistresses,

And

And they their meaneſt Heroe will not bed,
With any thing whoſe Hair is not Fox-red.
Her Brows ſoft Fur was of a paler Dye,
Conformable to that which prettily
Peep'd on her upper Lip, and cowardly
Made ſhew of Heroine Virility.
Day in her large Cow-Eyes was broad awake,
No heavy ſleepy Morn there ſeem'd to break.
Sir *Phœbus* given, as you know, to flatter,
With his own Luſtre did her Face beſpatter:
For then Freckles of night on Cheeks not ſtrew'd
To make the White remaining be allow'd:
Her Lips--but ſtay, was not *Pigmalion* won
With a ſenſeleſs Deſcription of his own?
Let it ſuffice then all who are concern'd,
That in her Face 'twas openly diſcern'd

How near she was to *Venus* in her place;
And by her Stature seen her Heavenly Race:
For she not only streight, but tall as Mast:
Beauty's whole World in all perfection vast.

Yearly at *Sestus* Town for *Venus* sake,
Mother of Wakes, was kept a jolly Wake:
But *Greeks* say 'twas a customary Howling
For her *Adonis*, or Annual Condoling
Their Goddesses and Countries active Drudge,
Who keenly carry'd on their mortal Grudge
Against a certain Outlaw, who i'th' Woods
Reign'd Lord, and King, and liv'd on true mens Goods:
That reap'd and mow'd where he did never plow,
But where he plow'd, none e're cou'd reap or mow:

Who

Who Plow-mans Joy did trample under foot,
And Tyrant-like, let nothing near him ſprout.
But thoſe ſmall faults, ſuch as the *Greeks* cou'd pardon,
And compoſition Carrots out of Garden
Had giv'n him yearly, wou'd the Churl have ſpar'd
But their meat, drink, and cloth in the Vineyard:
Yet he wou'd not be wean'd; but at their charges
Baſely alone went on carowſing Verjuice,
And was before the preſſing of the Liquor,
Of jolly Grecian Bowls the ſhrewdeſt Nicker:
Whence all the thirſty *Greeks*, grew mad, & ſwore
Deeply, they'd drink the reſt out in his Gore;
And ſtraight the bold Aſſociates pitch'd upon
A Chief to lead them, or to bid 'em on;
Who though he had no hair on Chin, or Breſt,
Had Valour nevertheleſs moſt manifeſt:

And *Mars* himself 'tis thought hath oft out-done;
For it is certain *Venus* loved none
Like him of all her Lusty Boys, and Cronies,
Good Bit of flesh, call'd as I said, *Adonis*;
Had gift of Vigilance to boot, no Snorter:
Must rise betimes that cou'd beat up his Quarter;
For when Night 'gan to peel, and Day was dawning,
Up he wou'd get, and leave his Goddess yawning,
Who waking, turn'd to th' Wall, and thought t'ave had 'im,
As other Utensils, where she had laid him;
But found the eager Huntsman still would leap
The Fence, not taking notice of the Gap:
Whence straight in rage she call'd him curtail'd Fellow,
And then to ease her heart, she cuff'd her Pillow,

So

So when the Hare is mist where she was squatting,
Next Bush the mump'd Pursuers fall a beating.
But when sh'ad paus'd (quoth she) 'tis *Phœbe* is chief
Cause, and Contriver alway of my Mischief:
That long-legg'd Ramp, that daggle-tail'd she-Ranger,
To well disposed Folkes still Dog in Manger:
She leads the able Youth astray, bewitches
Them with that early Itch of leaping Ditches;
And in their warm Bed will not let them tarry,
Where if they love toil they might be aweary,
And to the prickly Thickets need not roam;
Till out of breath might beat the Bush at home.
But let 'um go like Fops, for know stale Maid,
(With that she snear'd) that we have men more staid,

And you but ſpoil our ſport to make it better,
And when my Foe, in truth art but my Setter.
So fumbling Bards do oft depoſe a Rhime,
But to admit one that will better chime.
Mean while the Goddeſs held all theſe diſcourſes,
Adonis was a tooting for his forces:
For note though Hunting's ſaid to be in faſhion,
Much like to grinning Honours Recreation;
In this they diſagree, for in the War
O'th Woods, the Captain is the Trumpeter,
And makes the firſt proof of his ſcorning Death,
By being free, and laviſh of his Breath.
So did our Leader, who when he had drawn
His Band of Green-coats out upon the Lawn,
By Proverbs ſage adviſe to ſcape a trip,
Reſolv'd with them to look ere he did leap;

Which

Which to wiſe Warriors cuſtom is according,
Who ere they fall to Blows, do fall a Wording;
By which means thoſe that are in Reaſon ſtout,
The Enemy before they ſee him, rout.
And firſt as they in Story oft did find,
Sly Ancients did, they made the moſt o'th' wind:
Then ſent abroad their Scouts, which man ſtill reckons
In time of War or Peace, his faithful Seconds.
For when the Shepherd hath a mind to ſleep,
They are the Guard, and *Hectors* of the Sheep;
And when it is his pleaſure to go murther,
In that Heroick Vertue none go further;
So that if I may judge, they have much wrong,
To be left out of Regiſtering Song.
But he which makes, not he who ends the quarrel,
Is known to run away ſtill with the Lawrel.

But to leave off the wont Poetick Pother,
Small sense with heaps of words t'orelay and smother.
The Chase, know then in few words, was begun,
And nimble Rogues had got the start o'th' Sun,
And to the Forest merrily did trudge
With Pole on shoulder to leap Ditch, or Hedge,
Which Pole (some say) had iron Peg at end on't,
In case that Boar should chance to prove Defendant,
By Thorn, or Holly Turn-pikes of the Wood
The doubty Youngsters scorn'd to be withstood;
For through the surly Thickets each did rush,
And manfully then fall upon his Bush;
So that, alas, throughout the spacious Forest,
The smallest of her Tenants cou'd have no rest.

The Hare, the lurking Cunny, and the Squirril,
Muſt all have then ſate ſtill at their own peril.
For lazy Boar himſelf began to reckon
That he muſt move if he wou'd ſave his Bacon;
And as all Heroes who are truly bred,
Scorn'd to be caught by ſneaking Death abed;
So took his heels; yet as bold *Parthian*,
His teaſing Foes ſtill wounding as he ran:
But finding odds againſt him, not afraid,
Yet danger prudently with honour weigh'd;
And ſince not able to reſiſt their force,
Bravely reſolv'd to beat 'um in a courſe:
Or rather (as ſome gueſs) he had the cunning
Of the ſly *Roman* who made a ſhew of running,
His Foes not to avoid, but ſeparate;
That ſingly with 'em he might try his fate.

For

For when the Sentinel *Adonis* popt
Out of his Hawthorn ambuſh, ſtrait he ſtopt;
And Youth no ſooner ſhew'd his meaning cruel,
But Boar toſſing his Snout, receiv'd the Duel.
But Fate not half ſo meek as now adays,
Contented to take up with bloodleſs frays,
Sends folkes afield to meaſure Swords, and Valour,
And after trial neither found the taller;
But both left Fame ſhould lie, do live to tell
The world that they were both invincible:
Nor then was Honour bound by Law of Quarter,
To chouſe her ſelf of many a brave Martyr.
The Boar, as wiſe folkes ſay, harm watch, harm catch,
In's own defence, his Huntſman did diſpatch:
Now tender Virgins who are always ready
To ſhew y'ave bowels, hold yet till I bed ye:
Hold,

Hold, hold, I say, a while, if ye are able,
For Subject to ensue more lamentable.
The savage Conqueror not satisfy'd,
Till's stomack as his vengeance he had cly'd,
And *Tartar*-like not only to o'rethrow
Contented, but must dine upon his Foe,
Alas! first of that chary Morsel carv'd
Sacred to *Venus*, while she for it starv'd,
And many others since, by the Confession
Of *Sestian* Virgins yearly Lamentation,
In which poor *Hero* bore the greatest part,
And wronging none did take it most to heart;
And yet her Beauty truckled not to grief,
For both she was the Representative
Of Widow *Venus*, and at once did make
Stout hearts with Love and Pity both to ake;

But

But moſt the Youngſters of *Abidus*, who
Came o're the water but to ſee the ſhow;
The ſhow! fie, let's employ words more in faſhion;
The holy March, or Trapeſing, or Proceſſion:
Much ſuch as now adays when to keep Noſes
From ſenſe of Death, are worn Roſemary Poſies.
But how now fisking Muſe, again a ſtraying?
Let's back to *Hero*, who as I was ſaying
Did lead the dumpiſh Rout, which 'twas ſuſpitious
Whether to her, or to the day officious;
For ſome 'tis ſure ſcorning the Gods to flatter,
But 'cauſe ſhe went before to Church, went a'ter.
So if the Gods good Houſes have reſort,
Our mortal Goddeſſes they may thank for't.
But ſhe minding her grief, or pride to chear
Their drooping hearts, refus'd but with a Lear,

And

And but when each the other 'gan to juſtle,
And only to come near her made a buſtle,
Turn'd to 'um, yet with hanging Lip, and Frown,
T' aſſure 'um ſhe wou'd not be blown upon.
So have I-- but compariſons are odious,
Yet tell not me with Rhimes So is commodious;
So then as *Hero* I have ſeen the teaſty
Proud paramour of the Heroick Maſty,
Trot on in haſt, and would not deign to mind
Humble Addreſſes made to her behind;
Unleſs, as with her Betters 'tis the faſhion,
To ſnub, to ſnarl at, or ſnap up a paſſion.
So all Loves myſtery is jogging on,
And ſavage Miſtreſſes muſt be run down,
Leander knew't, and therefore did not falter
In's courſe, but chas'd fair Murdreſs to the Altar,

Where

Where *a la* Negligence Dame *Venus* loll'd,
And Supplicants with fmerking looks cajol'd.
But if ſome medling Goſſip ſhould ask why,
As ev'ry other watchful Deity,
She in her Temple did not ſtand upright:
In t'other poſture ſure ſhe did delight,
Above them all; nor was her comely mold
Of Marble fram'd, obdurate ſtill, and cold,
But willing Wax, whoſe nature did expreſs
The complaiſant, and gentle Goddeſſes.
Nor did ſhe, as all other heav'nly fo'ke,
Put Mortals to the charge of Veil, or Frock,
Mortals whoſe blind Zeal ſo the Gods blaſpheme,
Imputing to their ſpotleſs Worſhips ſhame:

She

She graciously shew'd all, so did provoke
To Adoration the most frozen stock.
The little Ape her Son with Bow unbent
(As shock guarding the Toes of Monument)
Lay at her feet, but not to hold 'um, for
She like her self Compulsion did abhor;

As on the Chappel walls it oft appear'd,
Which Dawber without Pencil had besmear'd;
With artful scratches, and in smutty scores
Of Charcole smutty doings, or Amours
Of Gods laid open, but in manner ampler,
Than in Madam *Arschines* bawdy Sampler.
Nay sure they were the Types, Hints, or Instructi-
ons
To *Aretines* pathetical Productions,

The

The modeſt *Aretine*; for none of thoſe
Was he, whoſe Art on Nature doth impoſe:
Pragmatick ſaucy ſlaves who take upon 'um
To teach their Dame, they might as well their
Grannum;
And with Mechanick Drapery do hide
But their own botches, and frank Natures pride,
At leaſt unreas'nably from neck do ſtretch
White Hankerchief to cover whiter Breech,
And for the naked Nymphs of their own Locks
Contrive 'um Aprons, Petticoats, and Smocks:
But Apron ſure not one of them muſt lack,
Though the poor Slut hath ne're a Rag to't back,
For they to any thing will run o'th' ſcore,
Rather than Nymph ſhou'd Facing want before.
They'll pluck Lover Wings, and tear his Clout
from's eyes,

Take

Take Satyrs Beard, Fawns Scut, ſo mak't appear
Like *Ruſſians* Cap, or *Frizlanders* Montier;
Take Monkeys tickling Paw, or Ear of Dazy,
While four-leg'd Favourite in Lap is lazy;
Take ſhading Branches from the Trees high top:
But *Aretine* not ſo
He complaiſant to Nature, and to Female,
Alloweth her no Covering, but the Male:
And precious things of man doth only hide
In Cabinet which Nature did provide.
But Virgin who perhaps may long to know
What Gods o'th' Temple-walls did ſeem to do,
Faith I do beg thy pardon, for 'tis certain
I've been too long in drawing of the Curtain:
Yet I might hope that patience Feminine
Wou'd ſtay the praiſing of great *Aretine*.

First *Jove* the surly Master of the Fam'ly
Had left off's Thunder, and there look'd so tamely,
And turn'd away his feather'd Steed, for hark ye,
His Eagle was not hatch'd of *Tuscan* Turkey:
Therefore he in her stead did then bestride
A plump young Goldy-lock call'd *Ganimed*;
Which though performed slyly under cloak,
Made of the thickest of Ætherial smoak,
He there was found out by his restless *Juno*,
(The Jealous have but little sleep, as you know)
For rage o'th' sight her blew-thin-lip she bit;
And tore her Smock from Navel down to's feet;
So shew'd her own, and Husbands discontent,
Which made him leave her, and his high-built Palace,
To seek him to his heav'nly Gusto a Las.

And

And if he had not, he had been to blame,
To lie ſtill with his Siſter was a ſhame.
To th' whoring Earth *incognito* he goes,
But not as Gallants now with Cloak o're Noſe;
The habit of a Town-bull there he took,
Not to bear yoke, but ramping Nymph o're brook;
And the all-knowing four-legg'd Thunderer
To get upon her, firſt got under her.
So Bow muſt bend (as *Cupid* makes it out)
Ere the aim'd Arrow does come near the Clout:
And all but Whore, and Widow *Amazon*
By ſneaking, and ſubmiſſion ſtill are won.
In the next place th' immortal Bullock did
Gore his dear Heifer *to* rill ſhe bled.
Then was he ſeen in ſhining Coat of Mail
Of Ginneys, *Damaſk* Fortreſs to aſſail;

Meer Whore who till ſhe was greas'd in the Fiſt,
Was always deviliſh ſtreight about the Twiſt.
Then *Leda* he appeared to trapan;
Who taking him but for a Gooſe or Swan,
Lay ſtill like Stock;

Next with *Aſteria* he did ſeem to ſtruggle,
And you may ſwear he made not the ſpread Eagle
But yet in all this ſport his Royal Dame
Was but an envious looker on o'th' Game.
With her he did not deal a ſingle Bout;
For Wrangler, or for Wife ſhe was ſhut out.
The heav'nly Ruffian next as ſtout's he is,
By naked *Venus* was brought on his knees:
Hers, and her Husbands Pris'ner, for a Grate
He made for warlike Bum to look out at.

O ſubtilty of thinking Cuckolds Brains,
Who ſtill blow up themſelves with their own trains!
Vulcan, thou only didſt a fault proclaim,
Of which thou only wer't to bear the ſhame:
In the next place the Queen of Sluts alone is
With dainty fine Hober-de-hoy *Adonis*,
Who for his part much rather wou'd have bin
A ſetting Springes, laying Snare, or Gin,
Than lie a Priſ'ner in a Female Trap,
Or irkſom Pitfal of a Womans Lap.
Yet from her for his heart he cou'd not flirt,
Sh'ad better hold than by the tail of Shirt.
Apollo then in Shepherds Calves-skin ſute
(As *Francion*) taught a Wench to play o'th' Lute.
Neptune like Sea-Calf next upon a Bed
Of Sedges got *Æolian* Maidenhead.

Then nimming *Mercury* with his fly Art,
Went the next way to steal a Maidens heart,
With Picklock opening Virgin Cheſt,
Where ſtill the more is robb'd, the leſs is miſt,
His Wench did ſeem to ſleep, but though Dog-ſleep,
Such was his Art, ſhe nought from him cou'd keep.
Then *Satyrs* whom time almoſt made a Gueldings
To get a manly Foale leap'd kicking Helding.
The Wood-Gods next appear'd in Dells and Ditches,
A clapping of ſome Ramping Wenches Breeches.
And here and there a two legg'd Goat a rutting,
With little Sluts that thither came a nutting.
And while in private ſhades the Nymphs lay ſnug,
Kind Satyrs cover'd them with living Rug.

And leſt they for their ſcratching Dame ſhould whoop,
They with their Tongues and Beard their mouths did ſtop.

For honour then of white-breech'd Patroneſs,
The Dawber thought that he cou'd do no leſs
Than judgment draw, judgment not to affright
(Like *Angelo's*) Spectators, but delight.
It was that of the upright *Phrygian* judge,
To whom three ſquabling Goddeſſes did trudge,
And by the fair Looks of her Face and Breech,
Each from his hand the Golden Ball beſeech.
But if in Dawber there be any truſt,
To *Venus* giving it, he was moſt juſt.
Yet ſome ſay ſhe brib'd him, as he did her,
And gave the Ball for Wench that made great ſtir;

For Pimp as well as Lawyer doth deserve his
Reward before that he hath done his Service;
Since he's a Pleader too, and doth discover
The miserable case of Plaintiffe Lover,
And seldom 'tis but does obtain Relief.
But what before was I a saying? if
That *Venus*'s Competitors were such
As Painter made 'um, no true man would grutch
Her sure the sentence; and to bring't to trial
Before plain-dealing Swain, yet youthful Spy-all
Of fore-sight *Juno* sage had not a whit,
And *Pallas*, though a snotty Nose, no Wit.
What though Dame *Juno* there appear'd so proper,
That not a Car-man in the World could top her:
And Dawber gorgeously her head had drest;
For her dear Peacocks Rump paid for her Crest;
And

And had beſtow'd on her the killing meen
Of Drunkards Eye, Purſe-mouth, and bridled Chin
Made up; but kindneſs more than that came to
She had, he made her ſtand croſs-legg'd, that ſo
What 'twas a ſhame to ſee might lurk behind;
That which is out of ſight is out of mind.
And ſure the heav'nly What-d'y'-calt's dimenſion
Could not be ſpann'd by mortal comprehenſion.
For there was left apparent competency
For the moſt hungry Youngſters, who do fancy
Of that good thing they ne'r can have enough,
Until they are condemn'd unto the proof.
But married men, ye greedy dogs can tell ye,
Your Eyes are always bigger than your Belly.
What though Dame *Pallas* too was trick'd up in
A French Hood not of Velvet, but of Tin;

So *Trulla* have I ſeen in Coif of Mettle,
To eaſe her dear Lords ſhoulder of a Kettle;
But ſuch as our bright *Amazons* now wear,
When to *Hide-Park* they ride to make folkes ſtare,
O Wits, was your Aunt *Pallas*'s Mantier!
By whoſe reflection as a face divine
In flaunting Coyf of Glory hers did ſhine.
With meen was furniſh'd too by Dawber partial,
Keen as her Thought, and as her Head-piece Martial.
Her Mouth the Manſion of her Charms, or Shop
Of Eloquence he kindly had ſet ope,
To ſhew ſhe was a Wit; but ſure moreover
The vaſtneſs of its Treaſure to diſcover.
For not like common Baggage, or mean Girl,
Were her Gums ſet with beggarly ſeed Pearl:

But

But such each was as you might see, when State
Bids the great *Spanish* Monarch cock his Hat;
Or else in Chamber of Escurial most rich,
Is hung as in some Parlour Egg of Estrich.
And (as for *Juno's*) to keep Judge from loathing,
For her Obscenity he found a cloathing,
Causing a Flap, or Apron natural
Half way down to her knees to fall.
But do the Artist what he con'd, a Blouze
She was, and *Juno* too to *Vulcan's* Spouse,
Who though with *Mars* had newly had a Ruffle,
And black and blew eyes had got in the Scuffle,
Was tumbled, jumbled, tous'd, and mous'd, and wurry'd,
And so disturb'd the Pigs-tails on her Forehead;
The native Corral of her Lip too miffing,
By boyst'rous sharp-set *Hector's* cruel kissing:

But

But not as ſome may doubt were the fair Cherries
By ſmutty Cuckolds Chaps turn'd to Mulberries?
Yet howſo'ere her Graces were impair'd,
The Judge for's heart cou'd not defer's award,
But ſtrait his Conſcience in his Face up-ſtar'd.
And while the wonder of her Form he kenn'd,
All that he had about him ſtood an end,
The ſole unfeigned way Laſs to commend.
Of *Hero*'s ſuch *Leander*'s commendation,
Who made (while ſhe to th' Gods) to her Oration.
But hold a ſtroak, you nimble Slut; for ſure
We skip the Chappels choiceſt Furniture,
Which for the ſake of Sex inquiſitive,
For tail of our Deſcription I'll retrive;
Though you wou'd let it, to ſave pains, eſcape us.
The *Romans* had a God well-known *Priapus*:

The

The *Greeks* too had the like, for Heathen none
So blind, but his Almightiſhip wou'd own.
And *Romans* now who their old Gods reject,
Have ſeriouſly for him a great reſpect.

The mighty, and yet humble God did dwell
There to his mind in dark, and narrow Cell:
But cou'd not hide himſelf; for pale-fac'd Rout
Of Virgin Penitents ſoon found him out:
And Mother, and the Son lay both unheeded,
While they invoked him whoſe aid they needed,
And not the common way did they adore him;
But as they ſhould, lay proſtrated before him.
The little piſs-tail Girls made long Oration
To's Worſhip, to be freed from Chalkes temptation.

The

The ugly ſtale deſpairing Maids petition
But in a Dream for's heav'nly apparition.
New marri'd Dames did only laud his Name,
And ſeem'd his Bounty to receive with ſhame.
But the ſtarv'd Widows were importunate,
As *Spaniſh* Beggars who do ſcorn to wait;
And ask as if they would not be deni'd,
And yet ſo as they cannot be ſupply'd.
Amongſt thoſe Cravers *Hero* was not hind moſt,
As Swabbers Son obſerv'd, who her did mind moſt.
And while all ſhew the Gods their Whites of eyes,
In *Hero*'s bright ones he his Heaven ſpies.
Yet *Hero*'s ſo on Heaven were not bent,
But they on leering Lover eke did ſquint,
And through the corner of their Lids did wander
Some of their keeneſt Rays upon *Leander*;

So

So Gods and him at once brought to her beck,
And rais'd his hope, yet did his Courage check.
For like a baſhful Spaniel ſtrait he ſtole
With modeſt joy his Nole into his Pole,
His tail between his Legs, yet ſlided to her,
And had the Heart, though not the Face, to woe her;
In words like theſe; I muſt ſu-forſooth own
I am a harmleſs poor Youth of our Town,
Who but to ſee fine ſights this morning came here,
And not to learn of little Love to ſtammer;
Who tongue, as well as Heart, from me hath ta'ne,
So that I can't, if that I wou'd, complain;
Yet ſomething I wou'd ſay if that I durſt,
But I wou'd have theſe jeering Fokes gon firſt.
Scarce had he whiſper'd that, but Congregation
Quite weary of their deaf Gods Converſation,

Roſe

Roſe up, and ending their unanſwer'd Speeches,
To their Diſcourteous Worſhips turn'd their Breeches.
But when he ſaw that they indeed were gone,
And had left him with *Hero* all alone,
(As if it had been for the nonce) he fain
Would have invited them all back again;
And with a new will did recant his former;
For though his Rival's gone, he durſt not ſtorm her.
And ſhe (thinking no harm, as one wou'd ſay)
Did even for it then behind them ſtay.
For Women when they dare to keep the Field,
Wou'd have you know they do not fear to yield.
While dumb *Leander* look'd down on his Toes,
And numbered the Pinks upon his Shoes,

She did ſurvey his Leg, the ſhape and faſhion
Of the whole Youth with ſilent commendation.
For modeſt Maid I hope may leer and peer
On all man hath, if he, or none elſe ſee her.
And if by fear a Lovers voice be froſe,
May break the Ice, and pris'ner Tongue let looſe.
Hero therefore (that knew the world) took on her
For ſlouching Lad the wooing in brisk manner;
And roundly ſaid, Feat Youth, for want of ſpeaking,
D'y' think that I will ſuffer a heart-breaking?
When Men are become Women, Women then
May without ſhame (I take it) become Men.
But Cuſtom's crueller than Love, to gag us:
For Silence more than Love before doth plague us.
Why muſt nice Slut be dumb, though rack'd, nay preſt,

When it is impudence not to confeſs't?
Alas when I'm on fire, I muſt cry out

Can Female-hold keep Loves Wild-Fire within-dore?
If we do ſhut the Door, 'twill out at Windore.
We are but Paper Lanthorns to his Torch,
Whoſe Wafer-ſides he inſtantly will ſcorch,
And never leave till through a way he find,
To blaze out laviſhly before the Wind.
So to hold Love, for Maids as hard a matter,
As when they'r tickled, 'tis to hold their water.
But why pray ſhou'd it trouble Lovers Brains
If his kind well-bred Miſtriſs ſave him pains?
Though proffer'd Service ſtinks, you'll ſay; my mind is
To give before one's ask'd, endears a Kindneſs,

But

But for it wilful men I know do ſlight one,
And all but ſhy, and ſullen Sluts ſet light on.
But Men in Love more ſavage, rude, and ſtupid
Than Brutes, and more do ſhame their Tutor *Cupid*:
And four-legg'd Dame may without Vanity
Vye with our Lords, their Lords humanity.
And we muſt own the Bear, Boar, Aſs appear
Indeed to have more of the Cavalier.
When th' Aſſes ſolitary Miſs doth bray
For want of him, he does not farther ſtray,
Nor ſtop his ears, her voice he thinks melodious;
Nor is ſhe for her Summons to him odious:
Nay when Whip cann't, by her is wrought upon
To leave his *Spaniſh* Gravity, and run.

And for their Wench will fight brave Bear and Boar,
After enjoyment, as well as before.
Nor will their noble Spirits let a Miſtreſs,
While they do live, be brought to want, or diſtreſs.
But may be they ſo good are and obſerving,
Becauſe their Dames are more than us deſerving.
And to ſpeak truth, I do believe thoſe Ladies
Are ſomething conſtanter than we now adays;
More generous by far, and bravely ſcorn
To take half Crown, or Guinney for good turn.
Their wit too, and diſcretion ours out-does;
Lovers they run not from, but lead by th' Noſe,
But ſuch as ne'er put finger in the eye,
Like ours, who ſnivel, ſob, and ſigh, and cry,
For what but they themſelves themſelves deny.

When

When Love by ſhoulder look their Dames do crave,
They ſtare not on 'um, and ask what they'd have.
And happy Dames, they never were put to't yet
To ſpeak as I am now, or go without it.
Then to *Leander* ſhe made but one ſtride,
To peer in's Face, which his coy Hands deny'd,
But to withdraw 'em, when in vain ſhe askt him,
She like a *Bully* ſwore, and then unmask'd him
By force of Arms, ſince ſhe cou'd not intreat him,
And vow'd ſhe cou'd find of her heart to beat him.
Then poor *Leander* gave himſelf for gone,
And thought his Breeches were already down;
And of remorſe in her he quite deſpairing,
Took heart, and ſpoke out thus, in her own hearing;

Are you the ſame that look'd but now forſooth
As if Butter wou'd not melt in your mouth?
She that juſt now refus'd to bait the paſſion
Of gaping Lovers with the leaſt temptation?
She that did make green Apron fall ſo low
One might have ſeen that ſame aſſoon as Toe?
And rather than ſhe wou'd take up her Coat,
She with a ſhameleſs daggle-tail did trot,
To keep her Followers from ſight-provoking
Of Blew, of Ruſſet, or of yellow-Stocking?
And while ſhe follow'd was with humble praying,
She ne'er look'd back, but gave them all their ſaying.
She cou'd not ſpeak, at leaſt that one cou'd hear her,
And is ſhe grown o'th' ſudden ſuch a Tearer?

Hero

Hero mean while was not abaſh'd a whit;
But rather glad he Venom had to ſpit:
I mean, that of his Tongue he was ſo able,
To which ſhe ſuddenly was reſponſible:
And with a ſhrug, a mouth, and cogging ſmile,
Such as of wrath a Cuckold wou'd beguil,
She ſaid, What will you be a new way jealous,
And 'cauſe I am not kind to other Fellows,
Naughty *Leander*, think that I can be
But from Teeth outward other ways to thee?
And 'cauſe for you their Suits I do reject,
Will you inconſcionable mine neglect?
The Turtle might as well repudiate
His Female, 'cauſe with him ſhe'll only mate,
And ſcorns the common Flocks communication;
But groans out to him (all day) her chaſt paſſion,

And 'cauſe with neck thruſt out ſhews ſhe is willing,
As well might he (I ſay) refrain from Billing;
As you, becauſe you ſee that I am coming,
Refrain the moſt delicious ſport of Bumming;
And (as 'tis falſely ſaid of us) to ſpight
Others, will not your ſelf, lov'd ſelf delight?
Be't ſo, I with your hardſhip am content,
But you for me ſhall not your ſelf torment:
For in ſpight of your teeth you ſhall conſent,
To take on me your full divertiſement.
So took him 'bout the neck, and was ſo quick,
Leander had not time to turn his Cheek.
But ſcarce cou'd Five be told, when with his Fiſt,
Plac'd in the Pit-hole of her Love-ſick Breſt,
Her tender Breech he had laid on the ground,
Had not kind Haſſock in its way been found,

Which

Which rais'd up lower end ſo fav'rably,
That ſomething there *Leander* did eſpy,
That call'd back to his heart Humanity:
And then taking her up by painful halling,
Did expiate his laying her a ſprawling.
And mannerly with Leg drawn back did own
His hainous fault in throwing of her down;
But ſhe good-natur'd Maid, ſaid it was none:
And ask'd him pardon if ſh'ad done him wrong.
Alas, ſaid he, good *Hero*, if your Tongue
You had kept to your ſelf but when you kiſt,
I likewiſe to my ſelf had kept my Fiſt.
Catſo, quoth *Hero*, was that all the Matter?
Indeed you ſhan't find fault with that herea'ter,
But try me once again: he cry'd Come 'an.
But from her Sluts Trick ſhe could not refrain:

Where-

Whereat *Leander* once more did look big,
And ſputt'ring call'd her Impudent *Tom-Rigg*:
While ſhe with Court'ſie ſaid, no one exact is
In any thing at firſt; but let me practiſe
On you a while, and whip me, if I'm miſſing
A Tittle in your Method nice of kiſſing;
But ſweet *Leander*, do not turn away
A faithful willing Servant the firſt day.
As Courts do ſay, Aſſurance innocent
I have, but not as you ſaid, Impudent:
I have no harm in me, although I'm frolick,
Which moſt men (as my Mother tells me) do like.
Therefore but for your ſatisfaction,
And but to you have now good humour ſhown.
For as you did obſerve your ſelf, I'm rugged
To other ſolkes, ill-natur'd, croſs, and dogged:

But

But wou'd endeavour to pleaſe you alone,
'Cauſe beſides you I pleaſed am with none.
With that ſhe pump'd ſome tears into her eyes,
Which into his did pump up ſome likewiſe.
For tears do tears beget, and 'tis a true thing,
The Lovers falling out is Loves renewing.
But while he ſob'd, *Hero* had prudent thought
Of ſtriking of the Iron while 'twas hot.
Therefore took out crack'd Groat from Purſe of Leather,
To witneſs they wou'd thenceforth lie together,
And ask'd him if he'd deign to break it with her.
He chearfully did lend her all his force;
So they to joyn themſelves crack'd Groat divorce.
Now Lover mark you well from Cuſtom antique
I mean thou ſilly Rogue that art ſo frantick

To buſtle for a Miſtreſs, ſigh, and ſob,
When thou haſt not a Penny in thy Fob:
For all your pains is loſt when you have woo'd her,
If Money you have not your hearts to ſo'der.
For now not one like *Hero* will diſburſe
On Love a grey Groat out of her own Purſe.
Nay they'll not truſt on tick a pair of Kiſſes,
Nor can you trade with Rhimes, or fine promiſſes.
But *Hero* was a Lady of a thouſand,
Who by her ſelf of her own heart was couſen'd:
For ſure *Leander* knew no Politicks,
No Lime-twig words, or ſubtle ſly Dog-tricks
To chaſe, to circumvent her, or to catch 'er;
Or where ſhe itch'd did know, or where to ſcratch her;

For

For ſhe was forc'd, although 'twas not the faſhion,
To put him firſt in mind of conſummation;
And told him that about Twelve of the Clock
She wou'd expect him with clean Sheets & Smock,
At her own Mothers Houſe, at ſign of Tow'r:
But warn'd him he ſhou'd knock at the Back-door;
And that her old Nurſe ſhould ſit up, and ſpin,
To drown the noiſe he'd make, and let him in.
In the mean time to th' May-pole, and the Green
She bid him go to ſee, and to be ſeen,
Or where he wou'd might ſaunter up and down,
And count the Signs, and fine things of the Town:
Or to the Shore might go, if nothing elſe
He had to do, and pick up pretty Shells.
But howſoe're himſelf he choſe to recreate,
He ſhould be ſure to keep her Honours Secret.

There

There are, quoth she, who kill a womans honour,
Rather than lose their Glory to have won her.
But were there Justice, sure they shou'd have reason
By Halter done, to their pernicious treason.
For plaguy, and unspeakable's the wrong
To the whole world by those Blabs of their tongue
Many an Innocent on both sides mourn,
Look pale, and pine away, in Feavers burn,
And can't trust, nor be trusted for good turn,
But he who is of Female good name chary,
With the whole Sex sure as it were may marry.
Be warn'd *Leander* then; for I defie
'Till now the world to say that black's my Eye,
And none cou'd touch my Reputation
'Till now with man I've been two hours alone;

Which

Which left that it shou'd come to be Town-talk,
Prithee my sweet *Leander*, let us walk.
Why don't you wag, my Heart, why do you stay?
Quoth he, d'y' think that I'll lead you the way?
Sure, sure, Fair *Hero*, I'll not go before ye:
Pish, pish, quoth she, again that's such a Story,
I am the Priestess, and must shut the door;
Leave Fooling prithee, and go on before.
Only remember that you keep your hour;
And when 'tis dark, find out your way to th' tow'r.
Then rather than be troublesom, he chose
To do as he was bid, and follow's Nose:
And to the Woods (as Lovers use) did ramble.
Mean while his Mistress to the Town did amble:
But 'twixt true Lovers (you'l say 'tis a wonder)
There's no absence though ne're so much asunder.

For buſie mind can find out no evaſion,
Sweet Miſs will hang upon imagination.
Though *Hero* and her Dear went quite contrary,
Yet in his heart and mind ſhe ſtill did tarry;
Or elſe ('tis thought) ere Twelve he had been weary;
Though he had all the pretty Recreations,
With which Lovers do huſh their whuling paſſions.
As he ſtalk'd on ſometimes he fell a Quaiting
Round Tiles to be unmindful of his Waiting.
And as he reel'd along the green Hedge-Rows,
He rummag'd them for Black-berries and Sloes.
Or then on Mole-hill ſquatted, with a Key,
Did whiſtle out a chearing Roundeley,
'Till Emmet put him out to make him ſcratch
Impatient Buttock, where ſhe made it itch:

Or

Or by cool Spring lay down on Bed of Dazies,
And on her Cristal Surface made Love-faces,
Or in her murmuring soft conversation
Did weep, and murmur too to cool his Passion:
With *Philomel*, or Pye, or Daw did prate,
And sometime too with Gossip Eccho chat:
Or with the Tag of Codpiece Point on Bark
Of Trees did scratch and scribble *Hero*'s Mark;
Or did unravel all her Sacred Name,
To knit it up again in Anagram.
And sometime in tight Rhime as much bely'd her,
As if the Rogue ne'er in his Life had spy'd her;
For sure *Leander* was a *Burlesque* Poet,
Though 'till in Love (like me) he did not know it.
In such like exercise he whil'd away
The fant'ring minutes of the tedious day:

But when night came, to keep off Spright or Elfe,
He talk'd, and ſung, and whiſtled to himſelf.
But in the Woods no longer then wou'd tarry,
Leſt that his Breech ſhou'd feel the Nails of Fairy:
He therefore back to *Seſtus* Town did creep,
And while Folkes were abed, and all aſleep,
(As oft his Betters) on a Bulk, or Bench,
Three or four hours had patience for his Wench.
But ere the drawling Clock knockt out thrice four
He was a knocking at back-door of Tow'r,
But firſt (ſome ſay) he had a ſpecial care
To make the moſt of his long yellow hair,
And with his Comb, and Fingers made it ſtare
Methodically, and look killing big,
For he grand *Virtuoſo* was in Wig.
Beſides he put his willing Hat in mind
Of cocking up before, and eke behind:

And

And then with ſingle Knuckle, and no more,
Inform'd the watchful Nurſe he was at doore,
By whom ('tis ſaid) he was not long unheard;
As *Hero* knew ſhe was a truſty Card.
For on Love-Errands oft ſhe made her trudge,
Indeed, ſhe was an honeſt careful Drudge,
Loves painful Chamwoman, and ever did
Help on all Bawdy work in time of need.
When ſhe had let *Leander* in, ſhe made him
Pull off his Shoes ere ſhe to *Hero* led him:
For by the door of *Hero*'s Mothers Chamber
To *Hero*'s Garret he was bound to clamber.
Beſides ſhe knew Love is inhans'd by fear;
So ſtollen Bread and Cheeſe is mighty Chear.
But though *Leander* went as if on Eggs,
Yet he ſo loftily did bear his Legs,

That of four or five steps, he made but one,
And lingring *Hero* was no more alone,
Nor unprepar'd for his Reception.
Her Garret was new swept, and she well dress't
For exercise in *Juste-au-Corps* or Vest,
As those who can't endure to be strait-lac'd;
Or may be in a Petticoat, and Waistcoat,
In Bawdy *Indian* Gown, or Bawds long last-coat,
In Cloak of Ermin, or a *Tyrian* Mantle;
But for my part, what she had on, I can't tell;
For some are not asham'd to say a Blanquet;
But two joyn'd-stools were cover'd with a Blanquet,
Which made her Dear *Leander* not much matter
How she was dress't, 'twas that made his mouth water:

She

She saw't, and therefore let her Passion wait,
Till hungry Lover had ta'ne out his Bait.
So strait, to lose no time, did pull him down
Into a Chair with Arms, and cry'd, Fall on,
If you can like of any thing that's here.
He vow'd it was most excellent good Chear,
But he did praise it better by his Swallow,
And there was nought that was not a *Regallo*.
Botargo first, and a Red Herring, for
She still had her *petit morceau aboire*.
But for *Leanders* curious maiden Chaps
There were provided dainty fine Flip-flaps,
Apple-pie, Custard, Florentine, and Cheese-cake,
And only as I said before, for his sake,
Gingerbread, and stew'd Prunes of her own stewing,
And for his Drink, Stypone of her Brewing;

To which, *Hero*, and he were both beholden,
For modeſt Lover it did ſoon embolden,
To take her by the ſweaty hand, and ſip
Far ſtronger Nectar from her Blabber-Lip.
And when ſhe had made him drink off his reſt,
He cou'd begin a Brimmer to the Beſt.
But ſubtle *Hero* in her over-tunning
Of empty Lover, was but over-cunning.
For quite contrary to her wiſe intent,
All ſhe tunn'd up in him had a falſe Vent.
Indeed ſhe made him ready for the Bed,
And had the Drunkards ſport to hold his head,
But ſhe unfortunate, meant ſomething elſe,
And ere ſhe was aware, o're-turn'd the Bells;
So of lewd expectation quite did miſs,
As now chaſte Reader doth I'm ſure, of his.

But

But be not angry, ere Cock-crowing ſeaſon,
To you, and *Hero* too I'll ſee done reaſon.
But let her put *Leander* firſt to Bed,
And on Flock-Pillow reſt Lop-heavy Head;
Then fit it with a Coif in ſtead of Cap,
Tuck up the Cloaths in order to his Nap,
And then let her a while but pick her Toes,
And Lamp goes out, and into Bed ſhe goes.
Then (as I told you) ere the Cock crow'd thrice
And *Hero* had piſs'd once, *Leander* twice,
(But forward Sir, pray do not now miſtake)
Did yawn, and ſtretch, and civilly awake
At the firſt Summons of her Elbow, which
On purpoſe lent his ſide a plaguie ſtitch.
Then did he puff, and belch, and ſigh, and groan,
And to the Gods make lamentable moan:

But *Hero* for her ſake took pity on him,
Did ſtroak him, feel his Pulſes, and bemoan him,
And charitably too his Stomack ſettle,
By help of Life-reſtoring Pewter Bottle:
So by her Aid, Directions, and Dalliance,
As well's he con'd he made outs new Alliance,
But ſpiteful Jade *Aurora* ſtrait intruding,
There was an end then of the Secret Wedding:
And glad *Leander* in ſuch haſt aroſe,
That out of Bed he tumbled on his Noſe;
And for his own Stockings put on *Hero*'s;
Fate's ſtill contriving Lovers to diſcloſe,
Nor ſtaid to waſh his ſtinking hands, or put on
His Azure Band, or Shamey Doublet button:
But with a Kiſs took leave of his dear Bride,
Reſolving for her not to loſe his Tide;

For

For from the Shore was heard thrice, *Eastward ho!*
And with his Towns-folkes he was mad to go:
So loſt no time; but while he was let out,
To the old Nurſe made this true Lovers doubt,
That *Hero* wou'd procure her ſelf ſome *Monſieur*,
Who many a good time and oft wou'd bounce her
Ere he ſhou'd get o'th' t'other ſide 'oth' water.
To which ſhe ſaid Fie, Fie man, no ſuch matter.
Though heavy Judgments fall upon ye, you men
Will never leave your baſe thoughts of poor Women.
But time will come (and ſhe or none cou'd tell,
For ſhe in Magick Art had deviliſh skill,
And on a Col-ſtaff oft had gall'd her Breech,
Was tri'd, and got off 'cauſe ſhe was a Witch)
When all men ſhall for ſomething be afraid,
And for your Jealouſie be ſoundly paid.

When

When Love incens'd, won't tyrannize alone
In Lovers heart (as now he doth) but bone;
When Lover for his Miſs obtain'd ſhall groan,
And through a ſingle Noſtril tune his moan:
And jealous man ſhall envy happy Brute,
Who without fear, or ſhame does go to Rut.
To this *Leander* nothing cou'd reply,
For Propheſies muſt give themſelves the Lie.
But Pox upon her ſoul for her Record,
All the World knows ſhe was as good's her word.
She wou'd have farther ſpun the Pockey Riddle,
But Youth in haſt did break't off in the middle,
And left her, and Town *ſeſtus* 'till dark night,
When he was to return by Candle-light;
The ſame that was as Sea-light in that Entry
Where marking *Hero* in the Bar ſate Centry;

As

As he, and *Hero* had contriv'd, was his
To keep him in his way where no path is.
And by her means he did not run aground,
But in the right Port whither he was bound
Unladed safe, and found his precious Stowage,
And made (as Folkes do say) a happy Voyage,
Nay some (at least) say half a dozen, but
Dame Fortune first, or last, doth prove a Slut.
She did contest with the more faithless wind,
Which should be more false to him, or unkind,
For in the Window of vex'd *Hero*'s Garret
Five or six long Watch-lights in vain did blaze out,
Ere he cou'd put to Sea; and when he did,
It had been better he at home had staid.
But though the huffing surly Winds did nose him,
And strutting Billows crowded to oppose him,

From's

From's Miſtreſs he no longer wou'd be kept,
But like a drunken Heroe headlong leapt
Amidſt his Foes, reſolving to come at her,
Though Seas on Seas were ſet, and hills of Water
On watry hills to intercept his courſe;
But Death old-faſhion'd Lovers can't divorce.
As Reader (if you've any patience) you
Too ſoon, too ſoon, alas, alas! ſhall know:
But Goſſip firſt I know you wou'd be prying
Into the manner of our Lovers dying;
Leander wou'd not give his head for th' waſhing
You may be ſure, nor was afraid of Daſhing:
He cuff'd the Waves aſide, and through did break
His way, in ſpight of Northern Blubber-Cheek;
Mean while ('tis ſaid) they made e'ne nothing of him,
And while he puff'd, and ſputtred, did but ſcoffe him.

And

And as in Blanket you wou'd toſs a Whelp,
Toſt him, while he no more himſelf cou'd help.
And though he ſprawl'd, and kept on going ſtill,
It was, as one may ſay, e'ne but up hill.
So to his Oars of Fleſh ſuch chearing words,
Was fain to uſe, as Errants to their Swords;
And told them, if they wou'd row ſtoutly on,
They ſhou'd embrace his naked Miſs anon.
But finding ſoon that Harangue prov'd but idle,
He turn'd his Stile, the wind and waves to whedle:
And vow'd if they wou'd pleaſe but to reprieve him
From drowning 'till he came back, he'd forgive 'um.
But Fate whoſe ſlaves they were, cou'd not be thous'd,
For all his Vows he ſtill was ſoundly dous'd:

Yet

Yet ſneering Fate but to augment her ſport,
Permitted him almoſt to touch his Port.
So Tyrant Puſs of Mouſe does make a Fool,
And let's him get again half into's hole,
But then *Leanders* time was come, when Lamp
Went out, or when his left Leg had the Cramp.
For he ſo much in Love was you may ſee,
He quite forgot a String about his Knee.
Hero mean while who in her Bed had toſt
As much as he at Sea had, or almoſt.
For ſhe had dream'd of Flowers all the night,
Shrewd ſign that ſome body is to turn Spright.
So weary of her Dreams, awak'd and roſe;
But ſome ſay ſhe awak'd ta'ne by the Noſe
With the rude Haut-Gouſt of deceaſed Lamp,
Which *Owen* ſeiz'd her heart with pannick Damp

For

For her Sweet-heart, but ah! when she did hear
The Winds and Sea so loud, she was past fear,
And by her croaking bowels then cou'd tell
(Were he at Sea) all with him was not well,
So grown impatient, to the Window flew,
And from her Eye-lids proking off the Glew,
Into the boiling water fell a staring,
Where she perceiv'd her dear Duck dead as herring.
But Day but just had shewn her Scarlet Snout,
So she had time for comfortable doubt,
And took her poor *Leander* for a Whale;
But prying to find out the proof of's Tail,
She out of Window thrust her self so far,
That Tiptoes slipt, and ere she was awar
(Some do dispute it though) she tipt clean over
Into the Brine upon her pickled Lover.

Now

Now hally Lover do not damn the River,
Which though a while true Lovers it did sever,
Yet did unite 'um afterward for ever.
And let none take my triftful Song to heart,
Or for drown'd Lovers be concern'd a Fart;
For they but div'd directly to *Elizium*,
Where such Folkes pass their time as you cou'd wish 'um.

FINIS.